Volume LX CHICAGO, DECEMBER 19, 1907 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE STAR AND THE SONG.

Not over great Jerusalem
  Rested the mystic star of old,
But over little Bethlehem,
  In holy legend we are told.

It passed the mighty of the earth,
  The pride of wealth, the pomp of kings,
To mark a prophet's lowly birth,
  And shame the scorn of common things.

Nor the beat of drum, nor bugle cry,
  Announced the prophet's coming reign,
But, "Glory be to God on high,
  On earth be peace, good will to men."

The watching shepherds heard with awe,
  And felt the brush of unseen wings,
While from afar the magi saw,
  And joyful came with offerings.

Still go before us, mystic star,
  Our dull and blinded eyes to clear:
We follow with the magi far,
  And with the wondering shepherds hear.

Again the angel hosts draw nigh,
  We sing with them the Christmas strain,
"All glory be to God on high,
  On earth be peace, good will to men."

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX | THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907 | NUMBER 16

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke and to carry it in front, so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep

Henry Van Dyke.

The *Chicago Israelite* for December 14 is truly a flaming number, literally wearing its purple and gold. It is more than a double number in size of sheet and in number of pages. This great folio of thirty pages contains a history of the Jewish organizations. It is profusely illustrated with portraits and architectural exhibits of temples, hospitals, schools and asylums. It is an exhibit altogether creditable to the enterprise of the publishers and to the generous side of the people who occupy, compared with their numbers, such an exceptional place in the industrial, charitable, educational and religious life of Chicago.

How many a young woman and college graduate with many good friends and plenty of hard work to do can say, like a recent correspondent to the Senior Editor of UNITY: "Do you know, I live by Emerson, especially the Essays, First Series." Happy is the woman who can make such a confession. It need not necessarily be this or any other volume of Emerson; but disappointing is that culture that does not establish permanent relation between the cultured soul and some unfailing source of love, cheer and courage. Alas for the college course that gives no enthusiasms and that graduates hearts so apathetic and minds so stolid that they have no favorite authors!

We welcome to our exchange table *Young Israel,* a weekly religious school journal for Jewish children, published in Detroit, Mich. It is a bright journal enriched with literary and patriotic as well as religious material. The board of editors, with Leo Franklin at the head of it, is an imposing one. One feature strikes a Gentile as unique: of the sixteen names that appear on the editorial staff of *Young Israel,* not one of them is that of a woman; they are all men, and most if not all of them are rabbis. This does not strike us as being quite right, but neither do we think the superfeminine quality of a similar staff on a "*Young Christian*" would likely be quite right. Be this as it may, we welcome *Young Israel.*

President Roosevelt's suggestion in his last message that something should be done to save to the higher life of the nation the "Hermitage," the old Andrew Jackson home, is one more touch of the practical good sense with which the President often illumines his state documents. The United States thus far has produced three unquestionable, unqualified, unflinching democrats among its presidents—Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. And Monticello, the Hermitage and the Hodgenville farm are destined to become shrines more and more honored and more and more valued by the citizens of the republic. The first step towards saving and dedicating to the public the latter have already been taken, and the work is well under way but by no means completed; while as yet Monticello, in many respects the most unique and scholarly shrine in America, and the home of the quaint and peculiarly American "Old Hickory," are as yet in private hands and subject to the vicissitudes and the desecrations incident thereto. Where is the prophetic legislator who will discover or create the legal method by which the people of the United States may eventually come to their own in these shrines? They belong to the people, the whole people, by the right of the more eminent domain.

The failure of the jury to agree in the Sunday-closing case tried in Chicago last week is one more striking and curious illustration of the outgrown value of the venerable "right" of trial by jury, as now practiced. On the question of "fact" there was no dispute, the accused saloonkeeper promptly pleading guilty to the charge rather than submit himself to the revealments of evidence. The only question in dispute was on the law. Is the state law of Illinois, the validity of which is admitted everywhere except in Chicago, to be denied here simply because it has not been enforced? Judge Fake, who was placed on the bench by the suffrage of Chicago citizens because of his supposed fitness to understand and interpret law, was clear in his instructions that a state law is in force until repealed, and that a violation of it in Chicago or out of it was a crime and subject to the penalties attached thereto. But in the face of the judge's clear interpretation, in the face of their oaths to enforce the

law, eight or nine out of the twelve exercised their traditional "right" to revise both the judge and the law and insisted on "acquittal." So a mistrial was the result. Important as is the issue involved in the Sunday closing in Chicago, it is trivial compared with this high-handed defiance of law by those paneled for the express purpose of executing the law. The end is not yet in Chicago.

In the Contributors' Club Department of the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is rather a mystical "plea for the vanishing story." We are not sure that we can penetrate the humor and discover the joke in this plea, but it does suggest to us the question, "Why not let the story vanish?" Honor bright, has not this "short story" business been overworked by American journalists? Do not editors reckon without their host when they think that the American public is famishing for more "good" short stories? And of course no magazine in America publishes anything but "good stories." In the name of an outraged public we think it time to cry a halt on this "short story" craze. We venture to express the editorial heresy that they are not so much read as editors think. Oh, somebody in the house reads the story, but it is doubtful whether the man who pays for the magazine, or even the mother, who shapes the household taste, reads the story end of your monthlies and weeklies. The sentimental daughter in the high school probably reads it when she had better be working her algebra; the maid may read it while the bread is burning in the oven, and the chauffeur is musing over the plot when he ought to be tending to the machine that every once in a while runs over old ladies and school children. The "short story" is largely a commercial fiction made to sell, and in order to make it palatable artists are hired to wash it down with pictures. Is there any way of finding out the part which the short story actually plays in the amusement, not to say in the elevation of that constituency it is supposed to serve—the dear reading public?

Chicago last week was unified in a high and tender manner by the joy that came into a humble cottage home on one of its far-away by-streets.

"Lillian Wulff Found in a Gypsy Wagon Some Hundred Miles from Chicago!"

This startling headline was read with tear-dimmed eyes by a larger proportion of the two million and more inhabitants of Chicago than anything the types have proclaimed for many, many months. The school children hurried home with the news; the Mayor stayed in his busy career to verify the tale. Just a little girl kidnaped and found, and she becomes the princess to whose feet the thousand come to offer their incense of love and congratulation. Her picture is in all the papers and everywhere the Christmas heart is made tender and grateful. But why should these roving bands of outlaws, schools of criminals and fences of crime, miscalled "gypsies," be allowed to wander up and down these United States without any visible means of support and certainly without any economic or other legitimate function to discharge? There are laws against vagrancy, and the comparatively innocent "tramp" who goes afoot can be and often is "dealt with," while the far more dangerous tramp who has a covered wagon and a team of horses to abuse seems to be beyond the reach of law. A very little wise legislation here or energetic enforcement of laws existing would accomplish much good. But be this as it may, here is another illustration of our oft-quoted text, "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him." Pretty little Lillian Wulff, a little eight-year-old, has been a benignant promoter of the true gladness that belongs to the Christmas time. She has preached the Gospel of love and fellowship for which the Nazarene died.

That was a sorry spectacle so emblazoned by the press this week—*"The Sailing of the Fleet!"* with the President at its head, the grewsome, costly line of reckless experiments in the enginery of death. All the flags and bands and speeches and hurrahs did not disguise the grewsomeness of the horrible pageantry, notwithstanding the persistent reiteration from President and press that this great dangerous and expensive movement of the nation's "fighting force" on the water is only a holiday excursion, a junketing picnic, something to break up the ennui of the navy and to give practice work to men and engines; the more alert military consciousness of the elder world will study it with the cold, malign glance of the eye such as gleams in the eye of a leashed bulldog when another leashed terrier passes by. If it does not mean anything serious and has no diplomatic significance, then shame, thrice shame on the wicked expenditure of money and the still more wicked inflation of the imagination of pacific youths and vealy patriots. If it does mean anything serious, then perhaps the grewsome mishaps that are imminent, the holiday disasters that may be looked for, if not to ships then to individuals, may not be wholly lost. It is hardly probable that this cruise, the longest and most adventurous, perhaps, ever undertaken by so large a fleet, can escape unforeseen disasters and uncounted calamities. Alas! many a jolly tar and perhaps more than one of those gaily draped, grim mechanisms of death will never come sailing home again. The story of this purposeless sailing of this Yankee "Armada" will some time be told as indicative of a silly, reactionary eddy in the current of American progress, a foolish attempt to bring about a renaissance of naval glory and the military spirit in a country which has already passed beyond such "beacon lights."

Whether in the busy days of the public career of her husband at Washington or in the more quiet recuperating days that followed in connection with the

All Souls Church activities in Chicago, and again the renewed activity days at Redlands, Cal., Mrs. Harriet Shepherd was always a benignant power in church and society, diligent in her public service and alert in her public interest. When in the midst of her industries and in the fullness of years she went to her rest on the 10th ult. at Redlands, Cal., she left all the benignant activities of the town crippled. The charity organization, the humane society, day nursery, as well as the activities of the little Unitarian church, which she loved and where she was beloved, found themselves bereft of a good right hand. The women's club of the town and the ministers of the churches joined in a chorus of praise and sympathy. The Rev. J. H. Williams, pastor of the neighboring Congregational church, in his parish monthly paid this Unitarian woman the following fitting tribute:

Though Mrs. Daniel Shepherd was a member of the Unity Church, she was so broad in her sympathies and Christian in her spirit that she seemed to belong to us all.

It is a pleasure to pay tribute to one who lived to make other lives easier and happier and better. With burdens enough of her own to carry, she yet was always cheerfully bearing the burdens of others.

Her death brings a loss to the whole city, to each religious and philanthropic organization, to the Woman's Club, of which she was so vital a part, as well as to her own church and her home circle.

Before the Unity Church was organized she was a frequent attendant and an inspiring listener at our church, and it is fitting some tribute should come from us.

In the presence of such a life, woman's sphere is hardly a matter to be discussed. She made it as broad as the needs of humanity. May her spirit possess other lives, and her mantle fall upon other shoulders equally able and willing.

The Political Science Quarterly, which is an output of the Columbia University, for December, is at hand. Its "Record of Political Events" from May 1 to December 5, which covers twenty-eight pages, is a more deliberative and on that account authoritative estimate of the trend of things than that which falls under the eye of the average newspaper reader. Perhaps from its pages better than from any other source of the same space limits can we estimate the things achieved in the interest of the Christmas spirit in the years gone by. Its estimate of the Peace Conference at The Hague, unquestionably the noblest conventicle of the year, in spite of all its failures, shows that its triumphs have been real and permanent. It is encouraging to know that the American proposal for a permanent international "court of arbitral justice" failed on account of minor technicalities concerning representation rather than on account of a refusal to recognize the legitimacy of the principle. We are ashamed to find that the United States is loaded, with Germany and France, with the responsibility of defeating the British proposal of the "abolition of contraband" concerning anti-military vessels in times of war. But the American proposal to prohibit the use of force in collecting "contraband debts" was adopted. The German proposal for the creation of an "international prize court," whatever that may mean, was adopted, and general arbitration treaties were signed at The Hague between Italy and Argentina and between Italy and Mexico. The good work is fairly begun, and all the cowardice of military heroes, the blindness of diplomats and the sophistries of the "big-stick" and "the-only-way-to-parry-is-to-hit" cannot stay this good work. Meanwhile the International Red Cross Conference has held a successful meeting in London, an international conference called to discuss measures for dealing with the sleeping sickness in Africa was called and directed by the British Foreign Office, and an "anti-alcohol" congress held in Sweden has established an international bureau at Lausanne; the eighth Zionist congress was held at The Hague; an international socialist congress met at Stuttgart which came almost being an anti-military congress. All of which helps gladden the face of Santa Claus as he goes his bout in 1907.

The passing of Dr. J. S. Cantwell on the evening of the 13th inst. out of his long life as a minister has not only bereaved the Universalist circle of work and worshipers of a most tireless and sincere advocate, but it has taken from the streets of Chicago a venerable old man whose gray hairs and gracious face carried benedictions. Dr. Cantwell belonged to the old school of Universalists, but this statement carries with it no reproach. The stakes of his theological creed were driven half a century ago, but they were well set and on high and permanent lines, the enduring value of the human soul and the abiding love and mercy of the Father of souls. Our acquaintance with Dr. Cantwell is largely on the editorial side. For many years he conducted *The Star of the West,* the determined advocate of Universalism published in Cincinnati, the fortunes of which paper he followed to Chicago when it was merged with that of the *New Covenant,* and when still later the fusion went on and the *New Covenant* was absorbed by the *Universalist Leader* of Boston Dr. Cantwell remained in Chicago as the western representative of the Universalist Publishing House, maintaining to the end, in the face of many denominational discouragements, the faith not only in the ultimate triumph of the Universalist contention but of the coming ascendency of the Universalist denomination, little understanding, perhaps, the incompatibility of these two faiths. For in the triumph of the Universalist faith the Universalist denomination is doomed, like that of all religious denominations called into being as a theological protest. The Universalists, like the Unitarians, were organized to remove an error, or, better yet, to establish a more correct thinking concerning certain questions of religion. They have done their work so well that the cause of protest is being removed. Certainly any attempt to organize in separate groups those who have accepted their contentions is hopeless, simply because they are too numerous and are too much at home in groups established by other considerations and circumstances. But the "Fathers" worked right loyally, and among these Dr. Cantwell deserves the crown which all those who knew him will

reverently bestow upon him. We make a correspondent's words our own:

"No man had a better heart. He was perfectly honorable in his opposition to persons. While differing with him theologically I had come to have a warm friendship for him as a man, and his death means the passing of another link in the chain which binds me to Chicago. It is getting lonely, and unless we can find new friends to fill the places of those gone we shall indeed feel that we are but pilgrims and strangers here."

The Whittier Centennial

It is a happy coincidence that brings the Whittier centennial into the week before Christmas, for no more stately and fitting interpretation of the true spirit of Christmas could be suggested than that which is exemplified by the spirit and influence of the good Quaker poet. The word "Quaker" suggests the quiescent side of religion, the passive virtues; but he who would know Whittier must know him on the battlefield; know him as the poet-laureate of liberty; Quaker indeed, yet for forty years his fist was chronically clenched. Stedman well calls him "a poet militant, a crusader whose weapons were keen of edge and seldom in their scabbard." It was given to Whittier to sing the psalms of trust, to become the great hymn-writer of the liberal faith; but he climbed to those serene heights on the ladder of conflict. His trust in God was born out of heroic battle with human wrongs; he rested in the "eternal goodness" because he had closed often in mortal combat with the temporal badness. In "My Psalm" he rose to the serene heights of trust, but the prelude to that psalm was the wail of the Virginia slave mother over her daughters. "The Tent on the Beach," Whittier's "Wayside Inn" series, may represent his rarer verse; perhaps upon these compositions will his permanent fame as a poet rest, although, as he tells us, in a half-playful strain, "They were born of the enforced leisure of slow pain." Here is found delicious relaxation, nay, more spiritual tonic, uplifts to heart and mind. Yet these would have been impossible, or if possible robbed of half their power, without his "Voices of Freedom," his anti-slavery poems, of which there are in the definitive edition ninety-four, and his "Songs of Liberty and Reform," of which there are thirty-eight.

Whittier's place among the immortals ,aye, his credentials as a seer, are established beyond question by the fact that he accepted unflinchingly the paradox which less heroic hearts dread and seek to avoid. He flinched not from the outward struggle, and through his unflinching courage found the inward calm; he found the peace of God by facing the wrongs of man. A valiant enemy to the improvidence of man, he became an unfeed champion of the providence of God, a splendid factor in which he was. He found the rest of freedom because he fought freedom's battles. The brave heart again proved to be the tender heart. On account of the reformer in Whittier, not in spite of him, was his the vocation of the devotee, the spirit of the quietist. The reformer and the saint are ever cloistered in the same sanctuary.

Whittier is the most Biblical of our poets. Mrs. Griswold calls him the High Priest of American Literature. Like the Master, he had a whip of small cords for the money-changers in the temple, a rebuke to those who built the tombs of the prophets while still they refused the prophetic message of their day. They know not Whittier who do not recognize that above all else he prized

"The angel utterance of an upright mind."

How Jesus-like is his paraphrase of the Bible text, "Ye built the tombs of the prophets."

The cross-bringers and the cross-bearers never leave us in a hopeless mood. Even the jarring discords of "Moloch in State Street" end in a hallelujah note:

The long night dies: the welcome gray
Of dawn we see;
Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,
God of the free!"

How Whittier loved a hero, and how wide was his range of sympathies! How quick his eye was to catch the wavings of the banners of the brave! Read the commemorating words of "Toussaint l'Overture," the Dark Haytian, Garibaldi, Kossuth, as well as his own comrades-in-arms — Channing, Garrison, Dr. Howe, Sumner, and the rest of them. Not the heroes of brawn, not the self-seeking heroes of fortune or of fame, but the self-forgetting captains of love,—those who rule men through the lordly power of kindliness and helpfulness, the Christ heroes of the world.

Not the intoxicating inspirations of the battlefield, the cheap courage of the wrestler, but the chivalric spirit, the disinterested devotion of young Colonel Shaw, who fell at the head of his colored soldiers at Fort Wagner, moved the Quaker farmer poet of Amesbury:

"He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbor lending;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending."

Not all of Whittier's heroes lived or died for the slave. He knew well that all valor was not martial; he recognized the connection between the champion of the struggling Greeks, the liberator of Laura Bridgman and the teacher of idiotic children, all of which entered into his tribute to Dr. Samuel G. Howe:

"O, for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!"

* * *

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

We have said that he was the most Biblical of our poets; so is he the most devout. Seventy-eight titles appear under his arrangement of "Religious Poems." How religious they are becomes manifest only when

we discover the universality of the sentiment. Quaker and ritualist, orthodox and Unitarian, Catholic, Jew and agnostic, alike love the tender inclusiveness, the stalwart optimism, the courageous trust.

But here is a strange thing in literature: A master bard whose personality is still larger and more commanding than his lines. Whittier's face ever shines in and behind his verses. The blessed man is more satisfying than his soul-helping lines. Whittier was the furthest removed from an egotist, and yet he is the most self-revealing of poets. He held lightly the value of his verse; he sang simply of that he knew, and he was best acquainted with his own soul. Well might he hold his lines cheaply, because nobler than the noblest poetry was that self-renunciation which led him to say, "I see a higher value of my name as appended to the anti-slavery declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book."

Thomas Whittier came over from Southampton in 1638, and the record says he brought with him a hive of bees. The descendants of these honey-makers are still supposed to be at work among the flowers of Haverhill, but the most industrious honey-gatherer of them all was John Greenleaf, the descendant of Thomas Whittier, the bee-keeper.

Christmas Carol

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

THE PULPIT

A Christly Christmas

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE AT THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, EAU CLAIRE, WIS., ON SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 8, 1907.

Text: Rom. 8:9. *"Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His."*

A long-existing and widespread institution such as Christmas is in continual danger of perversion. There is continual need, therefore, of renewing our sense and understanding of the reality for which it stands.

No other single event of the year so largely governs our actions and determines our course of conduct and our relationships one to another. For, to some degree, the anticipations or recollections of Christmas run through the entire twelve months. Since this is so, it is important for us to consider well what character this celebration shall bear; and that not simply the one day, the 25th of December, which is celebrated specifically as Christmas day, but the entire Christmas activity, with its consequents and its precedents. What influence does the fact and the experience of Christmas have upon our actions and our lives?

That is a direct personal question which we need frequently to ask ourselves. For, if you will remember, this is not a formal ceremony, it is not a social function; it is in its essence a religious observance. We are commemorating thereby the advent of Christ. We are giving utterance to our joy for the great gift to men in his person. We are expressing our gratitude for this greatest of all gifts. This is the reason for the existence and continuance of such a celebration. We need to be careful, therefore, that what we do in the way of marking the coming, the character, the work and the teachings of Jesus should be in keeping with what we would thus honor and remember.

The words of Paul, which furnish our text, bear directly upon this point: *Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.* Any celebration in his name that hath not his spirit is therefore not Christian. What we need to know, then, is what is the spirit of Christ and in what way it may be manifested in the Christmas time and the Christmas activities.

First, then, as you think a moment you will recall that the spirit of Christ was a *loving spirit.* There were festivals, there were giving and receiving of presents and merrymakings long before Jesus was born. But wherever he has come, there has come with him a new quality and character of love. There has come a broadening of its application, with an inclusion of whole classes, whole races, indeed, that were before considered entirely outside the circle of affection. It is not in order to diminish the manifestation of any natural affection that we should plan our Christmas celebrations in the spirit of Christ. He never in any way sought to limit the expression of human love. Quite the contrary. It is through his teachings that there has gone forth throughout the length and breadth of the world a new life because of new and broader affections, with the Divine love and the Divine sacrifice as a golden thread running through it all. This truth is very important, since it is the evidence that we have correctly interpreted his conception of God as being a God of love. It is his spirit, speaking again through the disciple whom he loved, that wrote the definition, "God is Love."

We need, therefore, to broaden and enlarge continually our celebration of Christ's advent and life, in order that our Christmas giving shall not degenerate into mere mercantile exchange, becoming simply a sordid barter wherein we give because some one has given or intends to give to us. There are occasions when it seems we have improved upon the method of the sinners whom Jesus described as lending "to receive *as much* again." I fear that sometimes our Christmas giving is dominated by the hope to receive as *much again*. We need constantly to guard against the calculating spirit that creeps in when we simply follow custom. We must eliminate the spirit of trade, of week-day exchange.

The surest way to do this is to remember, second: The spirit of Christ is a *thoughtful spirit*. He did not consider alone the need that was forced upon him, nor minister only to the want that clamored for relief. It was the deeper underlying causes of unhappiness that he sought and for which he provided a remedy so fundamental that, being followed, it will remove not the effects merely but the causes also. The thoughtful spirit, then, the spirit that looks abroad and sees where want is, and pitiful poverty, and ministers to it, is essential to the true observance of Christmas.

Is there anything more beautiful in the story of Jesus than his thoughtfulness in calling to Zaccheus? Here was a man who felt that his unpopular occupation as tax gatherer shut him away from one whose friendship he would have been glad to share. Still he would not deny himself the pleasure of seeing this loved teacher and healer pass along in the public streets. So he climbed the tree. The gift of comprehending comradeship to his awful isolation was in the word, "Zaccheus, come down, for today I must abide at thy house."

That gift of fellowship was the greatest boon that Jesus gave to us; it remains still the greatest possible gift of the Christmas time. The thief on the cross, in the loneliness of his soul, with nothing in this life and with no expectation in the life to come, looks up out of that chasm, the chasm of deep sinfulness, to one who dwelt upon the heights of holiness, even while he hung in torment at his side, and cries: "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy Kingdom." No kingdom for him, he knew; but he believed that there was a future for his fellow-sufferer, and in the bitter longing of his utter separateness he cries: "Lord, remember me." His deepest want was met, for Jesus said to him, "Today shalt thou be with me"—no matter where. To be in company with such a companion sufficed!

To the church of Christ today, from every land, from every city, from every place where human hearts are found, there rises a cry from the same depths of loneliness and pitiful need, begging those who stand upon the heights of comparative innocence and uprightness and comfort, "Remember me in the joy and abundance of thy kingdom." And just as Jesus called hopefully back to that sinking soul that hailed him—as once he called to the sinking Peter amid the boisterous waves on Galilee—promising, "Today shalt thou be with me," so his church through its thoughtful members will answer this cry of the needy, the homeless, the lonely and despondent, saying: "Today, this day, shalt thou be with me—in my thought, in my sympathy, in my companionship." The disciple that is touched by the spirit of Christ remembers his suffering brethren.

Thoughtlessness is always heedless, cruel, selfish. Truthfully has Hood declared: "Evil is wrought by want of Thought as well as want of Heart." This is why children are so often cruel, because they are thoughtless. Their experience is limited; they do not apprehend life's wider relationships. Hence they think only of themselves. They know little of pain or its causes, and so they carelessly inflict it. So do we. We grow older, but we do not always grow wiser. I say this the more readily because I find that where a specific case is brought to our attention there is a heart in humanity and in the church membership that is easily accessible.

One of those devoted men, the true Apostolic succession, who go among the scantily inhabited parts of our own state, the Rev. John Willan, was last Sunday in Burnette county, in a little group of people settled on barren homesteads trying to extract a living from among the pine stumps of the slashings. They will lie down prematurely in their graves, and they will do this willingly, in order that they may leave their children the heritage of comfortable homes. This place is thirty-five miles from the nearest railway station. A large part of this distance John Willan walked, that he might get here sooner. Wednesday morning he came to my house. He told of the dreadful destitution; of one family of eleven children, the mother dead; of boys whose entire wardrobe was a waist and pair of blue jean overalls, and these in tatters. I showed the situation to some of you, and already a goodly supply of warm, comfortable clothing and bedding, suitable for that cold region, is far on its way to meet that want. That is the Christly way of keeping Christmas—a celebration truly in the spirit of the Christmas time.

Notice, however, third: The spirit of Christ is a *self-denying spirit*—not simply loving, nor even that spirit broadened and enriched by thoughtfulness. To keep Christmas in the spirit of Christ is impossible without the spirit of self-denial. It is quite possible for each of us, in all these days that lie between us and that 25th of December, to go our way, planning gifts one to another, figuring up what this one and that one gave us last year. It is easily possible, too, for us to pour presents into laps already overflowing with superabundance. We may knit and tat and crochet and multiply drawn-work and painted china and elegant nothings wherewith to increase hoards already so large as to be cumbersome and add to collections of which the possessor even now cannot tell the number. We are entirely competent to worry about donations appropriate for those whose every need and even luxury was satisfied long ago. Do you not hear every day, "What shall I give Mrs. This or that?—you know she has everything already." Is it necessary for you to get anything? Can you not write to such an one a friendly letter, a word of remembrance and good wishes, saying, "Thank God; you do not need that I should offer you any material token of my interest. I am writing this to tell you that I think a great deal of you, and I am going to give the equivalent of your present to some one that needs it but cannot return it." Would not that be a Christly Christmas for all three of you?

There is, however, alas! a still more tragic phase of this holiday season. Already every pastor is lamenting that the tide of Christian service is ebbing. Sunday-school teachers are daily resigning their classes; helpers in every department of religious activity are withdrawing. Appeals for assistance are met with the petition, "Don't ask me until after Christmas." In our own school, within the past two weeks, five classes,

aggregating forty-six scholars, have been left teacherless on account of the Christmas pressure. Any adequate celebration of the day by the school as a whole is made impossible for the same reason. Other departments of the church suffer in the same way. People are too busy or too tired to attend the midweek meeting until "after Christmas." No one has time to call on the sick and strangers until "after Christmas." Everywhere a paralysis is manifested because interest has been withdrawn from essential things and fixed upon the formal and secondary.

This means far more than simply delayed opportunity or progress slackened for a few weeks. It is neither cant nor platitude, but awful truth, to say that it means eternal loss to many souls. A large portion of the young people in these orphaned classes are just at the critical period. Some will drop out utterly and be lost entirely to religious influence. Some, at least, of these strangers, neglected in their first loneliness, will form other associations and be henceforth inaccessible by the church. The entire community will suffer a lowering of spiritual tone, even though unconsciously, through our failure to present an impressive, joyous, hearty expression of our delight in the day and our loyalty and love for him from whom it is named.

What deeper irony is conceivable than to affect to keep the tryst of the Christmastide with him whose birth gives it significance, by forsaking the souls which the festivities, the opportunities and the atmosphere of the Christmas time render especially accessible to his spirit and influence, in order that we may deck with tinsel and revelry the shell of custom and still further surfeit the satiety of an abundance that cannot use nor even know its gifts! If the paradox of a Christless Christmas be at all possible, it is kept when the substance for which that holy life and death of service stands is sacrificed to forms and conventionalities that twine about the sanctities of this memorial and threaten to strangle the Christ in his manger-cradle as the serpents of Juno threatened the infant Hercules.

Church work is Christ's work, and you represent, or misrepresent, him according to the spirit you manifest in the community. If, then, you would test the validity and sincerity of such excuses, imagine that Jesus in whose name we keep this Feast saying to the woman of Samaria: "I cannot take time to tell you of the living water whereof if a man drink he shall never thirst; I am too busy, just now, making a Roycroft rocker for a present to Joseph of Arimathea!"

A very practical opportunity for a Christly Christmas lies even now at our door. There is great want in this city of Eau Claire today. There will be greater want before grass springs again. The Associated Charities have already felt the pressure, and they urge the churches to remember the poor, at least to the extent of tithing your Christmas gifts. They ask that where you intended spending ten dollars in presents you be satisfied with nine and drop the tenth into a receptacle that means food and warmth and clothing for those in bitter need; that you give one cent out of every dime, one dime out of every dollar; that you remember the class that Christ loved and served in your Christmas giving.

Perhaps the real Christmas spirit will stand before us more clearly revealed if seen in those forms of marvelous visions and prophecies with which it has been embodied by great imaginations. Familiar to all is the call of the greatest of England's laureates to the "Merry, merry bells of Yule":

> "Ring in the valiant man and free,
> The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
> Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The only Scottish poet who disputes the crown of popularity with Robert Burns introduces the Sixth Canto of his "Marmion" with a description of the time when:

> "Opened wide the baron's hall,
> To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
> Power laid his rod of rule aside,
> And Ceremony doffed his pride.
> The heir, with roses in his shoes,
> That night might village partner choose;
> The lord, underogating, share
> The vulgar game of "post and pair."
> All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
> And general voice, the happy night,
> That to the cottage, as the crown,
> Brought tidings of salvation down."

Our own Quaker poet taught us, by a long life lived in its spirit as well as in many strains of music, that—

> "The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
> Thy inward altars raise;
> Its faith and hope thy canticles,
> And its obedience praise."

What schoolboy does not know how Lowell's Sir Launfal learns?

> "That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
> He gives nothing but worthless gold,
> Who gives from a sense of duty;
> But he who gives a slender mite,
> And gives to that which is out of sight,
> The thread of the all-sustaining Beauty,
> Which runs through all and doth all unite—
> The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
> The heart outstretches its eager palms,
> For a God goes with it and makes it store
> To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Comprehension of what constitutes a really Christly Christmas has always given new heights and added new riches to our literature. None probably has better understood this inner meaning than Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, as shown by his story of "The Other Wise Man."

Artaban, the Median, sells his possessions and provides three splendid jewels as tribute to the new-born King. Detained by merciful service to a dying outcast, he is too late to join his three friends in their journey and must sell his sapphire to provide a caravan with which to cross the desert alone toward Bethlehem. There, with his ruby, he purchases from Herod's red-handed soldiery the life of the babe in the lowly home which had afforded him shelter. Thirty years and three his quest leads him amid famine-smitten regions, into plague-stricken cities, through slave-marts and prisons. He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the sick and comforted the captive.

At the last, he stands again, an old man, broken and disappointed, in Jerusalem. He sees the rush of multitudes and hears the roar of anger and hate and learns that two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them one, Jesus of Nazareth, who "said that he was King of the Jews." Artaban's heart beat with apprehension at the thought that this might be indeed the King whom he had sought, and whom his own people, as foretold, had rejected. He is turning to offer his last jewel, the priceless pearl, for his King's ransom, when a troop of soldiers appear, dragging a young girl with torn dress and disheveled hair.

She saw Artaban's white cap and the winged circle on his breast; suddenly she broke from her tormentors and flung herself at his feet. "Have pity on me," she cried, "and save me for the sake of the God of Purity!

I also am a daughter of the true religion which is taught by the Magi. My father was a merchant of Parthia, but he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death!"

Artaban trembled.

It was the old conflict in his soul, which had come to him in the palm-grove of Babylon and in the cottage at Bethlehem—the conflict between the expectation of faith and the impulse of love. Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the worship of religion had been drawn from his hand to the service of humanity. This was the third trial, the ultimate probation, the final and irrevocable choice.

Was it his great opportunity or his last temptation? He could not tell. One thing only was sure to his divided heart—to rescue this helpless girl would be a true deed of love. And is not love the light of the soul? He took the pearl from his bosom and laid it in the hand of the slave. "This is thy ransom, daughter! It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

While he spoke the darkness of the sky thickened, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth. A heavy tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. He lay breathless and pale, with his gray head resting on the young girl's shoulder, and the blood trickling from the wound. As she bent over him, fearing that he was dead, there came a voice through the twilight, very small and still like music sounding from a distance, in which the notes are clear but the words are lost. The girl turned to see if some one had spoken from the window above them, but she saw no one.

Then the old man's lips began to move, as if in answer, and she heard him say in the Parthian tongue:

"Not so, my Lord! For when saw I thee an hungered, and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison and came unto thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered unto thee, my King."

He ceased, and the sweet voice came again. And again the maid heard it, very faintly and very far away. But now it seemed as though she understood the words:

"Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

A calm radiance of wonder and joy lighted the pale face of Artaban like the first ray of dawn on a snowy mountain peak. One long, last breath of relief exhaled gently from his lips.

His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The other Wise Man had found the King.

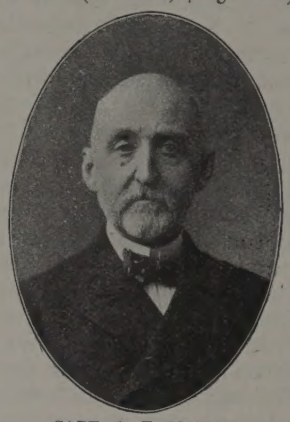
That is the true Christly Christmas, a Christmas of self-denial, which seeks, not the utmost of your own, but in charity remembers those whose need is greater, for thus ye, too, shall find your King.

The *Outing* magazine will bear a notice, and a right good one. It has reached out a hearty welcome to your reviewer, and he is contributing monthly articles to its pages. It makes a very good companion for *The Independent,* the *Literary Digest* and one or two more of the indispensables. It has a superb field, and a warm side for Nature. Its editor, Caspar Whitney, is not editing what he knows nothing about, for he has eyes and ears of his own.

THE STUDY TABLE

Is War Necessary

A new volume just from the press of Little, Brown & Co. (Boston, $1.50 net) bears the title, "Some Neglected Aspects of War." Most of the articles grouped together in this volume are from the pen of Captain A. T. Mahan, who is recognized as a supreme authority in his own line, but also as a diplomat and statesman and preëminently a man of letters. The thesis of these articles seems to be that war not only has played a necessary and righteous part in modern civilization but also that under present conditions in the world, war is a force that makes for civilization and cannot shortly be replaced by any other agency. In a recent volume the moral aspects of war were set forth by Captain Mahan in his "Lessons of the War with Spain," and in the present volume "the rationale and justification of war and of its procedure" have been considered as a ground-work for future discussion, "should the agitation against war develop contrary to, or beyond, fact and reason." The book opens with an article by Henry S. Pritchett on "The Power That Makes for Peace," which appeared in the *Atlantic* last July. A profound advocate of peace, Dr. Pritchett recognizes the conditions of all progress and asserts:



CAPT. A. T. MAHAN,
Author of "Some Neglected Aspects of War."

> "The cause of universal peace which we advocate is really no new thing, it is nothing other than the cause of universal education; . . the education which makes man understand man, which makes state understand state, and which brings nations into relations of confidence and trust with other nations."

A delegate to the Peace Conference at The Hague and an ardent believer in the principles of arbitration, Captain Mahan recognizes the trend of the ages toward a high court of the nations which will arbitrate disputes and bring near the day of universal peace. Nevertheless he asserts, as in the chapter "War from the Christian Standpoint," that war may sometimes be both necessary and a divinely ordained agency of righteousness and civilization. He instances the driving of the money-changers from the temple by Jesus and then appeals to argument with the assertion that in all governments, local or national, the compelling power of a verdict is not its abstract justice but is concrete force—even the force of the police power or the United States army behind the court. In the discussion of the capture of private property and the rights and duties of neutrals, the principle is laid down that in time of war no commerce can be permitted which will give sustenance, comfort or strength to an enemy, and that it must be the policy of war that "the more deadly and extensive in operation the instruments of war, the less frequent and the shorter the appeal to arms." One who reads this volume will hardly be convinced that war is other than what General Sherman called it, though the unprejudiced reader will realize the difference between noble ideals and present duties. None the less we think Captain Mahan fails to give full weight to the aroused public sentiment of the nations. No one who has marked the

growth of the anti-saloon sentiment in this nation recently can doubt the near approach of the day when even the nations will agree together that war must cease. Police power will be needed, but fratricidal strife can and must end. C. A. O.

A Correction

UNITY has been fortunate both in its compositors and proofreaders, but occasionally some late changes are made under conditions that preclude the usual guarantees. Last week "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" apparently took a "Day Off" shooting the rapids of a Maine river, and apologies are due both to Dr. Henry Van Dyke and to the clever author from Kentucky, Eliza Calvert Hall. We hope neither the genial fisherman will suffer from the Kentucky atmosphere nor

(From "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by Eliza Calvert Hall. Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.)

the shock to "Aunt Jane's" nerves will prove serious. Similarly a quotation from the delightful "Cricket's Croon" of Mr. H. E. Warner in our issue of November 21 was at first correctly set up, but when published we found "attempted" in place of "attempered" in the second line. C. A. O.

Fundamental Questions

This book* is a worthy and interesting contribution to the great debate on the fundamental questions of existence, in which Spencer, Fiske, LeConte, Haeckel and Lodge have been among the protagonists. From all these and other writers Mr. Arnold quotes freely and discriminatingly. His own position is that of a spiritualistic monism. Whether it is pantheistic or not, will depend upon one's definition of pantheism. Certainly a distinct place is made for God and for the individuality of the human soul. Mr. Arnold's work is a capital book for any one to read who has come under the spell of Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." The arrogant assumptions of that type of materialism are clearly exposed.

According to Mr. Arnold, "there is but one eternal, infinite universe, psychical in nature, the differential attribute of which is thought, out of which the physical process arose, by which it is energetically sustained, and into which it ultimately will return." This "psychical universe" is not a personality; it is not God. God is imminent in it, as "the Ultimate Will directing all its activities toward the accomplishment of His own purposes." The human soul is regarded not as a product of physical evolution, but as an individuation created by the highly organized brain out of the psychical energy of the unseen universe. The brain, according to this view, at a certain point in its development, becomes capable of responding to its spiritual environment and affording for it a center of expression in an individual soul. The general view of cosmogony which this system presents bears some resemblance to the emanation theories of later Greek thought. We have God the Eternal Subjective; the spiritual universe, the Eternal Objective; the physical world, which is a manifestation of the energy of this spiritual universe in forms of extension; and finally we have human personality, which is the result of the spiritual energy functioning in a human brain.

The book is the result of wide reading and deep thinking, and is a brave effort to accomplish the impossible in the way of demonstrated metaphysics. Its effect upon the reader would have been stronger if the argument had seemed to claim a little less for itself in the way of absolute demonstration, and had been presented more as a tentative and interesting hypothesis, which was doubtless the intention of the author. In metaphysical speculation a "May this not be true?" is often more convincing than a "Q. E. D."

W. B. T.

*"Cosmos, the Soul, and God," by Charles London Arnold, M. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Pp. 297.

Book Notes

In a recent review I told you that Mr. Finley's new book, "American Birds," was the best thing on the subject I had ever read. I had not then looked into Mabel Osgood Wright's book, published by Macmillan, and entitled, "Gray Lady and the Birds." As the boys say, this is a great book. It is an appeal for more careful observation and a better training of the eyes and ears of young folk. Our schools are very loth to pay any attention to the culture and training of the senses. There is big room for a book of this sort, and it ought to do a lot of good. I wish I could go back seventy-five years and get a new sort of start, although I had happily a father and a mother endowed with common sense. Instead of spending four college years spelling out Horace and some superfluous mathematics I would go to school to Mother Nature, with somebody like Miss Wright as a subordinate teacher. We need a good deal of this kind of teaching just now to balance off the rubbish that John Burroughs and the like are publishing. The one thing we most need is to get into full sympathy with what is going on around us and to try to look it through and through. Do not overlook these two bird books.

From our friend, Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, I have the prospectus of "Universal Worship." It gives me a rich foretaste of some excellent work. The world is drawing together until it all seems to be but one church; but our views are widening out to take in the whole universe. Is it possible that only forty years ago Theodore Parker was a byword of horror, and that we poor pioneers of free thinking and honest believing were held as blackguards of the Almighty. Perhaps the change is going on a little too rapidly, but the finality is health—rotund righteousness. The world is being made over by free thought, and a plenty of it. The only thing to fear is unthinkingness—whether it is labeled orthodox or agnostic.

E. P. POWELL.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Echo of the Equitable Scandal.

It was asserted in newspaper circles last week that the attorney for young Mr. Hyde offered to make restitution to the Equitable Life Insurance Company of some $3,000,000, provided all suits against him were dismissed. Mr. Hyde went to Paris in 1905, where he has since lived in princely fashion. The New York Attorney General refuses to confirm the report, but there seems reason for accepting it as substantially accurate. A large number of other directors are being sued on charges similar to those brought against Mr. Hyde.

Japanese Ambassador Returns to Japan.

Baron Siuzo Aoki, the first ambassador credited to the United States government and a man noted in the diplomatic world, is just now returning home to report on various matters under negotiation, particularly the immigration question, but announces there is no friction between the two governments. The ambassador states that the relation between the state and federal governments in this country is not easily understood by foreign nations, and he thinks by making a personal report of the matter a more complete and satisfactory understanding can be arrived at between the two powers.

Three-cent Fare in Cleveland.

As an aftermath of the victory of Mayor Johnson in Cleveland the Electric Railway Company surrendered its seven-year-old contest with Mayor Johnson last week and agreed to a merger between the two companies which will undoubtedly mean a uniform rate of 3 cents over the entire city. Whatever his enemies have to say about the matter, apparently Mayor Johnson has not deserted the common people, who believe in him, nor sought personal profit from his victory.

The Autocrat of the House.

At the opening session of Congress, Representative Cooper of Wisconsin made a sensational and apparently as justifiable as it was futile, attack on the rules of the House which make the Speaker a virtual czar. Mr. Cooper related his experience with a former Speaker, who demanded that he support a railroad refunding bill, and upon the latter's refusal so to do the Speaker turned his back upon him and forever after refused to speak to him or to recognize him on the floor of the House. No one disputes the accuracy of Mr. Cooper's charge, but apparently the party whip is yet too much feared by those who would desire any change for such a thing to be possible. Of course much may be said in reply to Mr. Cooper, and Speaker Cannon improved the opportunity, but the fact remains that the present House is very far from a normal democratic organization.

Miners Reported Killed.

A dispatch from Monongah, Va., states that as a result of a terrific explosion 400 miners were entombed in the mines of the Consolidated Coal Company, of Baltimore, and it is believed nearly all have perished. Nothing positive is known regarding the cause of the explosion, but it is supposed to have been blackdamp or methane. A large portion of the miners were Americans and as the recovery of the bodies has progressed but slowly the scenes about the month of the tunnel beggar description.

The Pacific Cruise.

The much discussed naval expedition to Pacific waters by way of the Straits of Magellan started on its way most impressively last Monday. The fleet—an American Armada—consists of sixteen large first-class battleships, the latest products of our shipyards, divided into two squadrons of two divisions each, and is in command of that picturesque figure, Rear Admiral Evans. This formidable array of floating batteries is to proceed leisurely to San Francisco, stopping for a few days at several South American ports and for a month in one of the Lower California bays for target practice. As to its subsequent movements the press has not been informed, for the Government saith not even if it knows. The conjectures from different parts of the civilized world as to the significance of this great naval demonstration are interesting if not particularly enlightening. It is certainly a new departure so far as the United States is concerned to undertake an enterprise of this sort. London seems to take a gloomy view of the situation and foresees possible trouble ahead. Some of our own journals are jingoistic enough to prognosticate future hostilities with our Eastern friends, and are croaking away lugubriously. But apparently our people as a whole are more inclined to view this move complacently, as one designed to increase the efficiency of our navy by real marine service and to create a greater respect for our country everywhere in general and in the Orient in particular.

United States Troops to Nevada.

In response to an appeal from the Governor of Nevada, stating that the situation at Goldfield was beyond control, President Roosevelt issued orders through the War Department which sent about a thousand troops from the Presidio to the scene of the trouble. The mine owners are preparing to start up with non-union men and as the camp is strongly unionized and desperate men are in command, the miners having 500 stands of arms in their quarters, it was feared that a very serious riot would develop, while the presence of a strong body of troops might be the one means of avoiding bloodshed.

Third Term? No.

It was a very unequivocal No that emanated from the White House last week Wednesday touching the matter of President Roosevelt's intention to become a candidate next year to succeed himself. It lays to rest forever the fears of his enemies and the sentimental hopes of his friends that Mr. Roosevelt could be persuaded to retract his famous election night declaration, and clears the political atmosphere surprisingly. The newspaper correspondents, who have hitherto professed such intimate knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt's intentions, will now probably be seen pursuing other topics with marked assiduity.

Politics.

The country is upon the eve of one of those regularly recurring periods of political upheaval that characterize our form of government under the constitution. Unfortunately the unrest is not confined to the field of politics alone, but extends sympathetically into the channels of commerce and finance. For nearly a year, or until the presidential question is settled, manufacturers will make no more goods than are actually demanded, merchants will buy only what they need for immediate use, the banks will be more than ordinarily conservative regarding loans and reserves, earnings will decrease, the unemployed will increase, and there will be a general harking back to close figuring. The "presidential year" has become a feature of our American polity.

The Conventions.

Next June the Republican National Convention will be held in Chicago. This was decided upon last week by the leaders of the Republican forces. A day or two later the Democratic powers selected Denver as their convention rendezvous, and named July 7 as the date. The array of Republican candidates for the coveted nomination would be alarming if it were not amusing. So many "favorite sons" were never laying their wires at one time before. New York, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa have their aspirants outside of those to be found in the President's official family or its ex-members.

Sunday Closing.

Certain important principles are to be tried out in the near future in Chicago. The question of how far local autonomy may and should be carried must be settled soon. So far as the law is concerned as it stands on the Illinois statute books today, the people's own enactment, the jury in Judge Fake's court last week Saturday could have returned but one verdict in the case of the people vs. Chamales, proprietor of a Wabash Avenue saloon, who was on trial for selling liquor on Sunday. The jury doubtless allowed itself to be influenced by the more or less prevalent notion that a law may become "obsolete." Such a notion is of course subversive of good government, and its presence always indicates a moral decadence. The jury's duty was plain. It's verdict should have been in accordance with the law and the facts. As it was, the case was a mistrial, the jury failing to agree. There is doubtless good ground for honest differences of opinion as to the methods to be employed in the accomplishment of reforms. Wise men may differ in policy. Shall it be revolutionary or evolutionary? That is the question that confronts Chicago today concerning the Sunday closing of dram shops. The argument has reached the acute stage.

P. S. W.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Death has no terror to the truth-seeker. Aye, to him there is no death, only a deepening of the mystery that is ever present and that is ever being solved to the loyal.

MON.—Beware lest you cheat the present by discounting the future. Have faith that tomorrow will at least be equal to your best today, and that the present cannot conceive a nobility which the future will not appreciate, or lay the foundations of a cathedral so worthy that those who come after will not know how to rear the superstructure.

TUES.—Life is measured by its service.

WED.—The good deed, the good thought, is a success if it does nothing and goes nowhere other than to help build the beautiful white column of character in the soul itself.

THURS.—Millions cannot buy the benediction that lurks in the loving impulse of the poorest laborer who believes in justice and tries to live up to his belief.

FRI.—Nature conspires for the triumph of excellence.

SAT.—The only triumphs that bring permanent strength are the triumphs over self.

—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in Love and Loyalty.*

The Star of Bethlehem

Lo, from afar
Appears a star!
Its glorious light
Illumes the night.

The shepherds watching on the hill
Behold its radiance and are still,
Till "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"
Proclaims the star of Bethlehem.

O, Star Divine,
So brightly shine
That through the years
Mid strife and fears,

We see again the glory bright
That turns Earth's darkness into light,
And hear again the glad refrain
Of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"!

A. H. W.

A Strange Gift

Little Karina Suzanne Hjorth was called Zanna for short. She lived in Norway, away up on a mountain-top. Although she had been born in Norway, she had not always lived there. For ten happy years she had lived in America, and then (when Zanna was thirteen years old) they had returned to the house on the rocks which Mr. Hjorth had built for them all, close by his great mill.

At first Zanna thought it was beautiful to live on a mountain so high that, in order to reach her home, she had to climb up two hundred and thirteen steps. Zanna counted them all herself, and wondered how her sturdy Norse grandfathers ever had the patience to cut these rough steps out of the solid rock hundreds of years ago. There were just two hundred steps too many for Mrs. Hjorth, who, after two or three attempts, always lost her breath at the unlucky thirteenth step. So after that her husband always drove her round by the winding roadway, which was very much longer. But little Zanna always liked to climb the steps.

Back of their home was a noisy, rushing waterfall which splashed and foamed night and day, and turned the mill-wheels, and then tumbled noisily down and down the rocks till it became a commonplace, demure canal.

Zanna often used to ride on the queer little canal-boats to see if she could not find some English-speaking tourists whom she might invite to her home. But she never found any, and instead used to watch the peasant folk coming from the market. Zanna thought she would never tire of looking at the fair-skinned, flaxen-haired maidens with their ample woolen skirts and bright-colored knit bodices, quaintly cut and fastened together with curious brass or silver clasps and buckles.

After a while, however, Zanna became used to the rosy-cheeked peasants, and then she began to grow very lonely. I think she was really a little homesick for the children and flowery valleys of her American home.

"Of course, I have you and papa and Baby Joanne," she said to her mother one day. "And I don't think I would get lonesome for any one else if only some green grass and pretty flowers grew up here. But it's just rocks, great, bare rocks everywhere. And it always makes me wonder whether the giants didn't try to build houses with these awful rock blocks, and got angry because they couldn't, and then just threw them round. Why, that big flat rock back of the kitchen is twice as big as our whole yard over the ocean!"

I think Zanna grieved more than most little girls, for she used to have a magic touch with all growing things, and loved her "plant children" far more than dolls.

"Never mind," said mother, who heard the sigh and guessed for what her little daughter was longing. "It is too bad we cannot have our garden, dear, but things might be very much worse. It is better for us all to live here with father than to have all the flower-gardens in America."

Zanna thought so, too, and like a brave little girl tried not to think about the bare, ugly rocks. I have often noticed, haven't you, that if we don't let ourselves *think* of what we can't have, it makes it easier to do without them?

So Zanna thought instead of Christmas, and of what she would like in her stocking, and on the beautiful tree which she and Joanne would have together. In fact, she thought so hard about it that before she knew it the next day was to be Christmas.

You all know how early she got up to peep into her stocking, for you probably do the same thing yourselves. Everything was lovely by the nursery chimney-place, and when she hurried to the breakfast room she was just in time to meet the postman with his arms full of presents from her little schoolmates in America.

"But Zanna hasn't seen the best of all yet," said her mother.

"More yet!" exclaimed excited Zanna. "Why, I can't think of anything else I want!"

"It is so big," explained her father, with a twinkle in his eye, "that old Saint Nick couldn't think of getting down the chimney with it."

"Couldn't get it down the chimney!"

"No. In fact, he couldn't carry it at all. He had to get four horses, instead of reindeer, to cart it here in wagon loads—four hundred, I think. They left it out by the kitchen with Miss Karina Suzanne Hjorth's name on it. Get on your wraps and we'll see."

Sure enough! It was just as Mr. Hjorth said. The big, flat rock was covered deep with—what you'll never guess, so I'll tell you right now—with four hundred cartloads of soil! Rich, black, woodsy earth several feet deep! And Zanna was so happy she could hardly keep the tears back, for she knew that this strange Christmas present would be a joy to her all her life long.—*Charlotte Brewster Jordan.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

MARK TWAIN AND WALT WHITMAN: AN ENGLISH VIEW.—The following clipping from the *New Age*, sent in by a continental friend, may be new to some of the UNITY'S constituency:

It is strange that the land which takes itself most seriously should have given birth to the man who has set the whole world laughing. Yet this strangeness is only superficial, for America seems to be set apart by destiny for big events, and her large seriousness naturally makes it possible only for humor of the giant order to survive. So we have Mark Twain, a child of the land of the biggest things on earth, bestriding the Atlantic like a Colossus, whilst the two hemispheres roll about him shaking with laughter. Mark Twain is the *entente cordiale* of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

The interesting consideration in reference to Mark Twain as an American is that in literature America has produced only two heroic things which are absolutely indigenous. It has produced great derivative writers, such as Poe, Emerson and Thoreau; and its minor derivative writers are to be counted by the score. But when it comes to personality in letters we suddenly find our range narrowed almost to vanishing point. Great as are Emerson and Poe, they are a continuation of the European traditions; they might just as easily have been the products of London or Paris. But there are two American writers of the first order who can hold their heads up among the best of the Old World and yet retain their individuality. One of them was the good grey poet, Walt Whitman, and the other is Mark Twain. These two have many things in common, with the notable exception of that sense of humor which is supreme in one of them. "Leaves of Grass" is as serious as the Bible; indeed it is more so, for it is doubtful if Mark Twain even could find a joke in Walt Whitman, a feat he performed in reference to the Hebrew scriptures. What Mark Twain and Walt Whitman have in common is a personality which excites general affection, coupled with a matter-of-fact irreverence for the past, and a generous and humane interest in the occurrences of the present. There is a robust and independent humanity about each of them, and Abraham Lincoln might have said of Mark Twain, just as he said on seeing Walt Whitman, "Well, he looks like a man."

America was born of the negation of traditional institutions. Her first colonists were children of revolt; they elected to make a tradition of their own in the wilderness; and when they found it necessary to defend what they had made they fought and won, and out of their victory came the American people.

Mark Twain as laughter-maker is largely a portrayer of things seen through the American glass. It is the irreverent vision. He looks at European institutions in the "New Pilgrim's Progress" much as Europeans might look at the gods of Elephanta or the josses of Benin. He can admire also, but his admiration skips the faded hierarchy of Europe and fastens upon something primal, a tradition of the East, for instance, the Towers of Silence of Delhi or the simple draperies of the bronze humanity of Bombay. This line of thought indicates the essentials of Mark Twain's laughter or his praise, his jest or his scorn. He could set us holding our sides if he described our House of Lords. He can tell a lie so splendidly that it becomes immortal and hilarious truth; and he can be as serious as Isaiah about any wrong done to humanity. Indeed, Mark Twain is a philosopher who uses laughter as his medium; when he jests, it would seem as though he did so out of kindliness. He puts on the cap and bells instead of crown or mitre, but with the same purpose.

M. E. H.

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